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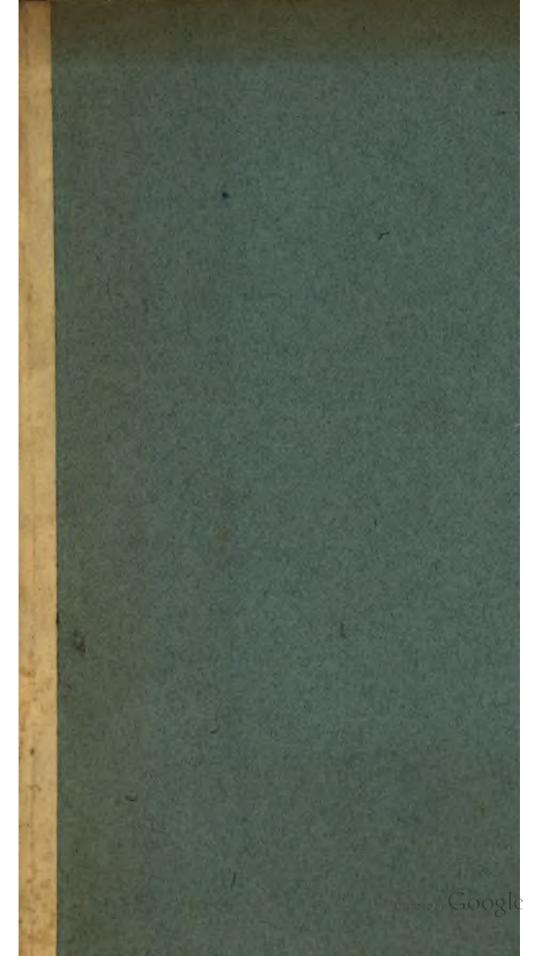
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## SACRIFICE

A

SACRED ODE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

## ANELEGY.

Dedicated to the Rev. MOSES BROWNE, Vicar of Olney, Bucks, And Chaplain of Morden College.

BY WILLIAM AUGUSTUS WILLIS, M.D.

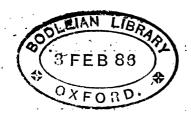
Degen'rate Minds, in mazey Error lost,
May combat Heav'n, and impious Triumphs boast:
But while my Veins feel animating Fires,
And vital Air this breathing Breast inspires,
Grateful to Heav'n, I'll stretch a pious Wing,
And sing His Praise who gave me Pow'r to sing.

Sir Richard Blackmore's CREATION, Book wife

L O N D O N:
Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noster-Row.
1779.

d. 27

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## Reverend MOSES BROWNE

VICAR OF OLNEY, BUCKS,

AND

CHAPLAIN OF MORDEN COLLEGE,

Blackheath.

FILLED with a fincere and filial Affection for the Father of a much-loved Wife, and with Reverence for your facred Function, permit me to dedicate to you the following Poem.

Happy for many Years in the Possession of your amiable Daughter, (by whom I had many Pledges of mutual Affection,) and honoured with your Friendship, I cannot reslect on departed Years without seeling the most tender, yet agreeable Sensations; such Sensations as must resist the Power of Time, as they are grounded on Principles that will render them existent to all Eternity.

You,

You, Sir, are the best Judge of those delicate Sentiments which are bester selt than described, as the Good-ness of your Heart, and the natural Complacency of your Temper, have rendered you dear to your Friends, and every Lover of sincere Piety,

Far be it from me to flatter weak Mortality, or raife an uncertain Fame on to fandy a Foundation: The truly Religious fcorn the Incense of Flattery, and he who dares to offer it must fink in the Estimation of the Good and Wise; but Gratitude may be included to breathe her soft Essusions, in Return for your generous Endeavours to render happy the Son of that Daughter who so dearly loved you.

Your well-known Taste for sacred Poely, and the affecting and pious Sublimity of your Numbers\*, give me the strongest Encouragement to shield my humble Essay under your kind Patronage---Let my sincere Intentions plead for your Favour.

Encouraged by you, and supported in the ardent
Task by the gentle Offices and Example of the most
amiable

<sup>\*</sup> Sunday-Thoughts, &c.

#### DEDICATION.

amiable of Women, (the tender Partner of my happie Hours,) I first pursued, with humble Diffidence, the Gospel Track, the glorious Path of Liberty and Light; and found new Beauties shine through the sacred Pages of the Book of Life.

To those happy Hours I owe the fixed Principles, which, I trust, in the aweful Hour of Dissolution, will prove a Sheet-Anchor to my departing Soul.

Sincerity is the furest Guide to eternal Happiness, and, like Cornelius, is an humble Attempt to attract the fatherly Notice of a benevolent God, who sees us like Prodigals afar off, and rejoices at our weakest Efforts to return to our Father's House, the Seat of perpetual Festivity and uninterrupted Peace.

May Sincerity and Humility continue to be your conftant Attendants in the heavenly Walk; and, while Pride and Self-Prefumption hide beneath the Tomb their towering Heads, may you, dear Sir, be called up to a more exalted Seat at that heavenly Feaft, and wear, to the endless Ages of Eternity, the Wedding-Garment of unfullied Righteousness!

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As your Love for your Daughter was ever conspicuous, and has so strongly reverted to her son, permit me to subjoin to this Poem an Elegy sacred to the Memory of the best of Wives, and written on her Cossin. Accept it, Sir, as the genuine Essusions of a fond Heart that loved her with inviolable Affection, and still laments her Loss.

I am,

Reverend and dear Sir,

With unfeigned Respect,

Your affectionate Son-in-Law,

WM. AUGUSTUS WILLIS, M.D.

December 20, 1778.

#### TO THE

#### GENEROUS READER.

THE following Piece (amongst many others) was the Production of Leisure-Hours, when, secluded from the Cares of a busy World, my Soul indulged its natural Bent, the engaging Pleasures of sober and divine Meditation; an Employment which heightens every rational Pleasure while it refines the Understanding, enlarging our Ideas, and prompting us to the Investigation of every Thing that is truly great and wonderful in the Works of Providence.

The whole Beauties of the Creation open like a fair Picture to the contemplative Mind; while Strangers to its sweet Instruction overlook the noblest Objects, and tread the brightest Pearls beneath their Feet.

All the bright Assemblage of social Virtues, bud, blossom, and bear Fruit, beneath the cherishing Hand of sublime Contemplation, whilst fair Religion nurtures them to a divine Persection that renders them sit to be transplanted into the heavenly *Eden*, there to bloom through the endless Ages of Eternity.

Retired

Retired Contemplation is that Balm of Gilead which heals the Stings which Sorrow goads the Mind with in passing through this Vale of Tears. When retired, we forget the Wrongs inslicted by ungrateful Men; Patience and Resignation appear in all their native Charms, and, lulling every tempestuous Passion to Rest, dispose the melting Soul to give up all to the Will of Him whose kind paternal Love burns to render us ultimately happy, and labours with perpetual Care to draw us into the Paths of Happiness and Peace.

Divine Contemplation is the Characteristic of rational Beings—the Mark that distinguishes us from the Brute-Creation; for who can, unawed, behold the Works of Heaven, and view the starry Orbs glowing with such sparkling Lustre, and not think, with the inimitable Dr. Young,

Happy the \* Sage! who, in his moral Lines, Turns Stars to Monitors, gives Charms to Night;

From

<sup>&</sup>quot;Than to light Revellers from Shame to Shame"?

Such Surveys of the Works of exalted Wisdom raise the enlightened Mind to the blest Regions of Immortality and Joy: Nor need the Pen, employed in so good a Work, blush at its divine Endeavours; for Works like these will live when Time shall be no more, while those proceeding from a polluted Pen entail Disgrace and Execuation on their detested Authors.

A Compliment on Dr. Yaung, from an Epifile of the Author's to a Friend.

From Error's cruel Tyranny sets free
The Soul enamour'd with its solemn Pomp;
Learns it to draw true Wisdom from the Skies:
That ample Volume, where the Godhead shines
In ev'ry Page, proclaims his Pow'r supreme.—
When those Stars fall, and darken'd are their Orbs,
Thy Lines, by Heav'n distinguish'd and approv'd,
Shall, like a starry Crown, adorn thy Brows,
Where those, who glorify Creating Pow'r,
Shine forth as Stars whose Light shall never fail,
But still, through endless Ages, glitt'ring roll
Round that bright Sun from whence they Lustre draw.

As this World is like a *Perfian* Caravansara, a Sojourning-Place for a Season, I therefore wish to use the Things of this World (as an excellent Author says) like a loose upper Garment, to be parted with at Pleasure. Too strong an Attachment to its momentary Joys clogs the bright Soul in her aerial Journey, and retards her Flight.

May Providence enable us all to fay, with Mr. Aikin, in his agreeable Poems,

- "I stand and stretch my View to either Shore,
- "In each Event thy Providence adore.
- "Teach me to fix my ardent Hopes on high,
- "And, having liv'd to Thee, in Thee to die!"

Truly sensible of my Inability to appear as a public Author, yet encouraged by the Patronage of some Friends (whose Characters, while we contemplate them, heighten our Ideas of Humanity), I can with Sincerity say, I come into the Presence of the Public like a timorous Youth before an Assembly of sage Literati, whose bright

Genius's

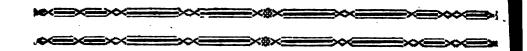
\*

Genius's, like the Sun, will eclipse so small a Spark, and render it almost imperceptible. I only hope for their Candour and generous Indulgence, while I sing with humble Voice my artless Lays.

I am a Friend to all who love the Muses and sacred Poesy; and always thought, with the accomplished Addison, "That a Heart tender and generous, a Heart that can swell with the Joys, or be " depressed with the Misfortunes of others, nay more, of ima-"ginary Persons; a Heart large enough to receive the greatest "Ideas Nature can suggest, and delicate enough to relish the most " beautiful, capable of entering into all those subtle Graces, and " all that divine Elegance, the Enjoyment of which is to be felt " only, and not expressed"--- such a Heart, so formed and tempered, must be smit with sacred Song: "for, although all Kinds of Poesy " are amiable, facred Poefy should be our special Delight, as facred Numbers incircle us with every Thing that is holy and divine, fu-" peradd an agreeable Awe and Reverence to all those pleasing Emo-"tions we feel from other Lays; an Awe and Reverence that exalts " while it chastizes; its sweet Authority restrains each undue Liberty " of Thought, Word, and Action; it makes us think better and " more nobly of ourselves, from a Consciousness of the great Presence we are in, where Saints and Angels are our Fellow-Worshippers."

O let me glory, glory in my Choice!
Whom should I sing but Him who gave me Voice?
This Theme shall last when Homer's shall decay,
When Arts, Arms, Kings, and Kingdoms, melt away,

WM, AUGUSTUS WILLIS, M. D.



THE

# SACRIFICE,



A Voice was beard in Ramah, Lamentation and bitter Weeping: Rachel, weeping for ber Children, refused to be comforted for ber Children, because they were not.

Jeremiah, Chap. xxxi. V-15.

RISE from your Orient Thrones, ye Angels, rife!
And spread resulgent Radiance through the Skies:
Your golden Harps for Strains seraphic string,
The Wrongs of injur'd Innocence to sing.
Sweet Innocence attracts the heav'nly Throngs;
For guileless Purity to them belongs.

And,

And, while our humble Voices rife below,
Your sparkling Crowns on Heav'n's bright Pavement throw;
With equal Ardour join the glorious Theme,
And sing the Praises of the Great Supreme.

Spirit Divine! thine Awe inspire,
While here we join the warbling Choir.

From Adam's Fall the fad Effects arife,

Mankind immers'd in Sin and Woe,

Yet still withheld the dreadful Blow

Justice demanded and offended Law,

And view'd their Weakness with benignant Eyes.

Revolving Time the Æra brought,

When Choirs cœlestial Man's Salvation sung,

And loud Hosannahs flow'd from ev'ry Tongue!

When, far transcending human Thought,

Down from his blissful Seat,

Eternal Goodness to compleat,

Indulgent Heav'n with Pity faw

Man's

Man's kind Redeemer left the heav'nly Plain

(Where Joy perpetual holds her festive Reign):

With boundless Love he sought Man's low Abode,

From fainting Nature took the Load,

Averted Heav'n's avenging Blow,

And in Man's Stead sustain'd the weighty Woe.

In humble Flesh conceal'd the Godhead lies,

The Sov'reign Ruler of the Earth and Skies!

Choral Angels I swell the mighty Song;
Astonia , join the montal Throng.

Divine Effulgence blazes o'er the Plains,

Descending see the heav'nly Trains!

Miriads of Angels san ambrosial Air,

The great, the joyful Tidings bear;

While humble Shepherds, lost in strange Amaze,

With prostrate Knees admiring gaze;

Caught with Rapture, hear the Sound

Through the smiling Skies rebound—

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" A Sa-

- "A Saviour's born!" the winged Seraphs cry;
- "A Saviour's born!" the joyful Hills reply.

Responsive Notes employ angelic Tongues:

- "Glory to God in Heav'n belongs!
  - " Fair Peace on Earth in Triumph reigns;
  - "God's tender Favour Man obtains."

All Nature join'd to celebrate his Praise,

And testify to Earth the coming Joy:

A glitt'ring Star shot forth propitious Rays,

And, like a Herald in his bright Employ,

Taught Eastern Sages, with enquiring Eyes,

To fearch the Depth of ancient Prophecies.

With Joy they view the Messenger divine,

Glitt'ring from his radiant Shrine,

Foretel to their enlighten'd Eyes and the original state of the state

Blessings descended from th'auspicious Skies;

Benighted Nature's rifen Sun!

Endless Glory, just begun!

Led

Led by that directing Ray,

To fam'd Judea's Coasts they bend their eager Way.

Success their zealous Labours end;

Before Messiah see they prostrate bend!

Their grateful Off'rings at his Feet they lay,

And to the mystic Wonder humblest Homage pay.

Delighted Nature smil'd around!

Creation, through her ample Bound,

Deck'd with replenish'd Beauties shone.

Fair Peace her sestive Garlands wove,

Filling Men's Hearts with Harmony and Love:

Only proud Herod scorn'd her Joys to own,

And, like a Serpent wreath'd on Beds of Flowers,

To Poison turned their balmy Powers.

A King of Israel born, whose potent Sway

Judea's Sons were destin'd to obey,

Destroys his Hopes, alarms his Fear,

Stamps on his harrow'd Visage fell Despair.

Proud

Proud Satan, Foe to God and Man,
With Rage beheld the rifing Day
Drive Error's gloomy Clouds away;
With Envy faw the heav'nly Plan,
Already felt the fatal Blow,
Mankind redeem'd from Sin and Woe!
His fell Designs for ever crost,
Men rais'd to fill those Thrones he proudly lost
With Heav'n's revolted Sons, Partakers fore
Of Chains and Misery for evermore!

Fir'd with Revenge, to Herod's Break he flies;
Whispers Ambition to his trembling Ear,
Of Empire lost the Fear;

And bids infernal favage Thoughts arife,

Drive foft Compassion from his Eyes:

Points the dire Means to ward th'impending Blow,

By plunging Thousands into bitt'rest Woe---

Soft Innocence must bleed!

Fell Cruelty inspires the Deed.

Yet first he tries, by ev'ry wily Art,

His bloody Purpose to sulfil,

And covers all the Foulness of his Heart,

To lure the Sages to his Will;

Humbly implores that they will bring

Before his joyful Eyes the new-born King,

That he may humblest Homage pay,

And at his Feet his willing Sceptre lay.

But Heav'n with Scorn the Tyrant's Pride beholds;
Inspires the Sages Hearts with holy Fear,
And in a Dream his artful Schemes unfolds;
To Ægypt bids Messiah quick depart,
Where, safe secur'd from Herod's bloody Art,
The lovely Babe resides from ev'ry Danger clear.

The Sages, warn'd by Pow'r Divine,

Detest the Tyrant's foul Design;

With wary Steps return from whence they came,

Another Way depart, and disappoint his Aim.

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Mock'd by them he now despises,

Hark! the surious Tempest rises!

Soft Sensations soon depart;

Rage, like Vultures, gnaws his Heart.

"Revenge! Revenge!" the Tyrant cries,

And throws around his haggard Eyes.

He draws the sharp avenging Steel--Bethl'em's sad Vales prophetic Terrors seel.
His bloody Ministers appear,

Draw the relentless Sword, and wield the ruthless Spear;
Swift fly to bathe their Hands in Infant Gore,
From guileless Hearts the precious Blood to pour;
Hoping, by this gen'ral Thrall,
Judea's King may in the Carnage fall.

Satan has the Conquest won,

Now his Triumph is begun;

Pleas'd he views the crimson Flood,

Bathes with Joy in human Blood:

While Herod, Dupe to all his foul Designs,

Regardless plunges into blackest Crimes.——

Sweet Innocence no more has Pow'r to charm,

Nor can defend itself from Harm;

And hapless Fathers curse in vain

The Tyrant's Wrath, and view their Children slain:

In vain do Female foothing Arts

Attempt to melt obdurate Hearts;

No plaintive Words can calm the Rage

Of Bosoms steel'd 'gainst Sex or Age.

In this fad and bloody Hour

Beauty lofes all her Pow'r.

Affrighted Infants turn their Eyes

For Help, and fall a Sacrifice:

Grasp'd to their panting Bosom, see

Their Parents strive to ward their Destiny!

To Secrefy in vain they fly;

Rage pursues with Vulture's Eye.

Round the purple Torrent runs;

Distracted Mothers mourn their bleeding Sons.

The Air with Shrieks and Cries refounds,

From favage Rage and gaping Wounds.

No

No Infant 'scapes the fatal Blow;
O piteous Sight! sad Scenes of Woe!
Humanity with Tears bedews
Her Parent Earth, and sickens at the Views.
Sad Rachel sees her prostrate Sons and moans,
Through Ramab vents her sympathising Groans.

Behold! indignant Satan rife,
Infernal Rancour sparkling in his Eyes,
Daring with Heav'n unequal War to wage,
Stalk o'er the Hecatomb with sullen Rage;
And view with hellish Pride the reeking Sacrifice.
But soon the Pangs of fell Despair
With double Torture rend his Heart,
To find his flatt'ring Hopes dissolv'd in Air,
Messiah 'scap'd from all his cruel Art;
Of settled Empire, undivided Pow'r,
His boasted Promises to Herod given,
By Heav'n's high Hand destroy'd in luckless Hour,
To certain Ruin driv'n.

He inly pines to see Messiah reign,
And trembling shakes his Chain.

Rejoice! rejoice! ye heav'nly Choirs;
Attune your rapture-moving Lyres.
The Prince of Darkness now is fled;
Fell Satan hides his bruised Head.
Ye Human Race, exulting rise,
With loud Hosannahs fill the joyful Skies!

The roseate Sons of Light,

Descending, chase the horrid Gloom away,

And chear the drooping Earth with an enliv'ning Ray.

In coelestial Beauty bright,

On their sweet ambrosial Wings,

Triumphing loud, they joyful bear

The lovely Martyrs through atherial Air.

The raptur'd Choir attendant sing

Hosannahs to the new-born Son

Of Heav'n's high King! REDEMPTION's Work begun!

Bending

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5

Bending Hierarchies explore

The wond'rous Scene, and God's high Pow'r adore.

The lovely Guests admire their happy Change;

Through Heav'n's bright Courts they joyful range,

While Cherubim and Seraphim unite

To mark their raptur'd Hours with chafte Delight.

God bends on them his gracious Eyes,

And views this first delightful SACRIFICE!

With Pleasure sees the beauteous Band.

Safe landed on the heav'nly Strand,

From Earth's rough Storms and human Woes fet free:

Decrees them for the constant Train \*

Of the incarnate Lamb for ever slain

From Earth's Foundations—Oh, mysterious Plan!

Kindly form'd for favour'd Man.

Can our Hearts remain still cold,

When the wond'rous Tale is told?

Spirit

<sup>\*</sup> Many Commentators on Holy Writ have imagined these martyred Innocents are those that are said in the 14th Chapter of Revelations to sollow the Lamb wheresoever he goeth; their Purity and Virgin-State being there described as making them proper Attendants on the immaculate Lamb of God.

Spirit Divine! in Pity bend,

And on our flinty Bosoms quick descend:

Rend, Oh! rend the Rock within,

Harden'd by repeated Sin;

Bid Repentance in this Hour

Pour her soft translucent Show'r.

So heav'nly Goodness, like a friendly Cloud,

Shall hide our Stains, from suture Vengeance shroud.

Hail, REDEMPTION! wond'rous Plan!

Kindly form'd for favour'd Man.

O Pow'r Supreme! mysterious are thy Ways;

Let Hallelujahs justly sound thy Praise.

Choral Angels! swell the mighty Song;

Astonish'd, join the mortal Throng.

Ye gentle Seraphs! veil your Wings,

While Heav'n and Earth Messiah's Triumph sings.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

These are they which follow the Lamb wheresoever he goeth: These were redeemed from among Men, being the First-Fruits unto God and to the Lamb.

And in their Mouth was found no Guile; for they are without Fault before the Throne of God.

REVELATIONS, Chap. xiv. V. 4 and 5.



## E L E G Y

ON THE

DEATH of a much-lamented WIFE,

Daughter to the Rev. Moses. Browne,

Who departed this Life in December, 1760.

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## E L E G Y, &c.

Let me die the Death of the Righteous, and let my last End be like theirs.

Numb. Chap. xxiii. V. 10.

I.

COME back, ye Hours!---Ah, whither are ye fled?
Ye pleasing Hours of Tenderness and Love!--Would'st thou, vain Man, attempt to 'wake the Dead?
Or the stern Destinies Compassion move?

II.

She's gone, whose Pow'r could soften ev'ry Woe,

(Exhaustless Source of ev'ry dear Delight,)

Make my fond Breast with Joys exstatic glow--
She's fled, for ever vanish'd from my Sight!

III. Said

III.

Said I for ever?---Pardon, O ye Pow'rs!

Who guard her sleeping Particles of Dust;

Who wait expecting those tremendous Hours

When Life shall animate your precious Trust:

IV.

When those fair Limbs, that undistinguish'd lie A mould'ring Heap within the silent Tomb, Shall, by an aweful Mandate from the Sky, Rise in just Symmetry—immortal Bloom.

V.

Then I, perhaps the lowest of the Throng,
Shall view at distance her exalted State,
In Chorus join the universal Song,
And glow with Rapture at her happy Fate.

VI.

Till then, ferenely blest in yonder Skies,

Lodg'd in a shining Mansion of Repose,

Her happy, lovely Soul exulting lies,

Feels not the Pangs my widow'd Bosom knows:

VII. Re-

#### VII.

Redeem'd for ever from this Vale of Tears,

Where Joy but feldom sheds her transient Gleams.

So April's Sun in wat'ry Cloud appears,

And chills the Warmth of Day's enliv'ning Beams.

#### VIII.

How oft in Shades, sequester'd from the Throng,
We sought sweet Meditation's calm retreat;
And pour'd to Providence our Ev'ning Song,
Mingling with gentlest Converse Kisses sweet!

#### IX.

How oft, while Moonlight filver'd o'er the Trees,
We view'd the World in filent Calmness rest;
Save Philomel, who swell'd the melting Breeze,
To vent the Woes that pain'd her throbbing Breast!

#### X.

Then, in sweet Unison our Souls conjoin'd,
With Joy explor'd Creation's wond'rous Plan;
Saw Nature's God to endless Love inclin'd,
All Things in Wisdom form'd for savour'd Man.

H

XI. No

#### XI.

No more in Converse sweet thy Words I hear,
When Meditation taught our Minds to soar,
When Piety innate and Love sincere
Made thy wrapt Spirit wonder and adore.

#### XII.

What Joys I felt when, fill'd with grateful Praise,
From thy pure Lips the pious Accents flow'd!
Admiring Heav'n in all its wond'rous Ways,
My ravish'd Soul with sacred Fervour glow'd.

#### XIII.

Thy Voice melodious charm'd each list'ning Ear,
Where Judgment, join'd with Sweetness, strove to please;
Thy Soul was gen'rous, tender, and sincere,
Adorn'd with native Elegance and Ease.

#### XIV.

Thy Merit claim'd from all thy Friends Esteem;
A duteous Child, fond Mother, faithful Wise:
For thy sad Loss my Eyes with Sorrow stream,
Thou sweetest Balm and Comfort of my Life!

XV. Yet,

<del>ئىنى</del>

#### XV.

Yet, 'midst the Gloom which now surrounds my Heart,
And marks thy Loss with many a piteous Tear,
Let me restect how great thou didst depart,
Unmov'd by Death, unaw'd by slavish Fear.

#### XVI.

Death had no Sting to goad thy gentle Breaft,

The filent Grave no Victory could boaft;

Affur'd of Blifs, upborne to endless Reft,

You join'd with Triumph the angelic Hoft.

#### XVII.

Though shrouded pale in Death thy Body lies,
And all my Joys seem buried in thy Grave,
Yet gracious Heav'n one chearing Hope supplies
To make me wish this worthless Life to save.

#### XVIÍI.

A tender Infant claims paternal Care,

Sweet Pledge of Rapture and of boundless Love!

For thy dear Sake, he shall my Fondness share;

In me a Father, Friend, and Mother prove.

XIX. All-

#### XIX.

All-gracious! listen to my ardent Pray'r;

Benignant! deign to hear my suppliant Voice;

Make him, kind Providence! thy tender Care\*;

So shall my Soul have Reason to rejoice.

#### 'XX.

While I direct his infant Eye to thee,

Teach me, great God! his tender Mind to rear;

Lament with me my lost Felicity,

Lament his Loss—a tender Mother's Care.

#### XXI.

So shall my Soul; through Heav'ns almighty Aid,

(While humble Patience its soft Balm supplies,)

See in each Stroke thy Providence display'd,

And all thou dost is righteous; just, and wife.

FINIS.

<sup>\*</sup> Providence has graciously condescended to answer my Prayer, by preserving the Life of a deserving Son, who, though shot through the Leg, on Board the Beaver Sloop of War, in taking the Oliver Cromwell? Privateer, is now perfectly recovered.



